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Poetry.

SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO ALL WHO ARE GUILTY.

Sitting in a corner,
On a Sunday eve,
With a taper finger
Resting on your sleeve;
Starlight eyes are casting
On your face their light;
Bless me! this is pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night.

How your heart is thumping
'Gainst your Sunday vest—
How wickedly 'tis working
On this day of rest!
Hours seem but minutes,
As they take their flight;
Bless me! ain't it pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night!

Dad and Mam are sleeping
In their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the things
The old folks in meeting said.
"Love ye one another!"
Ministers recite:
Bless me! don't we do it—
Sparking Sunday night!

One arm with gentle pressure
Lingers round her waist,
You squeeze her dimpled hand,
Her pointing lips you taste;
See freely slips your face,
But more in love than spite;
Oh, thunder! ain't it pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night!

But hark! the clock is striking—
It is two o'clock I deem,
As sure as I'm a sinner,
The time to go has come!
You ask in spiteful accents
If "that old clock is right?"
And wonder if it ever
Sparked on a Sunday night!

One, two, three sweet kisses,
Four, five, six you hook—
But thinking that you rob her,
Put back those you took;
Then, as for home you hurry,
From the fair one's sight,
Don't you wish each day was
Only Sunday night?

Agriculture.

Compost.—A great deal has been written, and much has been said, on the advantages of compost, or mixture, contrived with a view to the amelioration of the soil. The receipts for these composts are very numerous; they prove that the discovery of a compost is an easy matter, and requires but a small amount of ingenuity.—To unite different matter in such a way as to obtain a compound that shall act advantageously, it is only necessary to make it up of substances which of themselves and isolated are good manures. But that it is impossible to supply the scarcity of manure, to create it in some sort by means of compost, is a subject of dispute. In fact, when we look attentively at the numerous mixtures which have been indicated as leading to this end, we always perceive that the proposal amounts to an extension or dilution of some powerful manure with a substance that is either inert or has little activity. This mode of proceeding may have its advantages; it enables us to make a more equal distribution of the manure we have at our disposal, but it actually supplies us with none.

Earthy substances almost always figure in composts. Turf-ashes, wood-ashes, hart, and particularly lime, are constant ingredients. Marl may suit certain soils. Lime is a substance of great activity, and which, for this reason must be admitted into compost with caution; it may act in the disintegration of woody parts—of stalks, and stems, and leaves; but we must be careful not to follow the recommendation of Schwert, who would have us throw quicklime into our privies with the view of bringing the matter there contained into a consistent and readily pulverizable state. By doing so, we should infallibly lose the greater part of the manure; the business is much rather to preserve than to destroy the substances that are used as manures; the purpose is to mix, not to dissipate the volatile elements which they contain. One great objection to the extensive employment of composts is the amount of labor they require in the repeated turnings which are held necessary in their preparation, and in the large quantity of matter which has to be transported.

There is a pumpkin vine growing in Mr. Wm. Coulter's garden in Monongahela city, Pa., that has already attained the length of two hundred and twenty-five feet, and has twenty-five pumpkins on it.

Selected Tale.

HEROISM:

An Incident of Napoleon's War with Spain.

BY MARY STUART.

It was in the spring of 1808. Napoleon was prosecuting his vigorous victories in Spain, and adding fresh laurels to his already overgrown laurel crown.

Murat was in Madrid at the head of his troops. It was well known that Russia was at that period a friend of France.—Baron Strongonoff, the Russian Ambassador of Spain, was, therefore, on excellent terms with Murat, and was in the habit of listening to his schemes of war with a coolness of attention—the natural result of his neutral position—which made him, on more than one occasion, an excellent and valuable councillor.

The following example of success of a plan of his proposing, affords also a case of as rare youthful heroism as ever fell to the lot of historians to describe.

Observing, as they sat together one evening, that Murat appeared perplexed, he inquired the reason.

A shadow passed over the fine countenance of Murat as he replied.

"I am indeed perplexed, and this time the evil is beyond our reach."

"You are not sure of that," replied the lively Russian, taking his segar out his mouth; "tell me what is the matter."

The "Feathered King," as Murat was called in Italy, from his extreme love of dress, moved uneasily in his round backed arm chair.

"I am indeed perplexed," replied he.—"The fact is that I have important despatches to send to Gen. Junot, at Lisbon, and the difficulties which lie in the way are, I fear, insurmountable. All the roads, great and small, and even the woods, are filled with Spanish troops, or what is worse, with marauding guerillas. I see no possible means of transmitting papers, and yet, my not doing so may ensure consequences fatal to France."

The Russian ambassador put his segar in his mouth again, and fell into a fit of musing. Murat gazed in silence upon the ugly profile pictured on the wall by the light of a pair of tallow candles. Suddenly he saw the wide mouth open.

"I have it! I have it! the easiest thing in the world. Admiral Sinavin, our Admiral, is in the port of Lisbon. Send me one of the bravest and sharpest—do you hear?—of your Polish Lancers. He shall put on a Russian uniform; I will give him your instructions for the French General, verbally, and I will answer for it, all will be right, even tho' he should be taken prisoner twenty times between this and Lisbon. The Spanish army is too anxious to preserve the Russian neutrality, to make a messenger of mine a source of disagreement with my country."

Murat, though somewhat doubtful, liked the scheme. Seizing a pen and ink, he wrote as follows to Brasiniski, the commander in chief of the Polish troops who had joined the French army:—
"Despatches of moment are to be immediately forwarded to Gen. Junot at Lisbon. Select for that purpose an intelligent and courageous young man from your troops, the best you have, and send him to me."

Two days after, a youth presented himself before Murat, for whom the Polish commander said he would answer with his life.—He was but eighteen years old, and named Leckinski.

Murat was not a little astonished to find the youth manifest the utmost eagerness to undertake his expedition, one of no common peril—far, if discovered by the Spaniards, his fate would be certain death. He listened with a smile to all anticipations of danger and difficulty, and said with a bow:

"If your imperial highness will give me my orders, I pledge myself to execute the mission. I am deeply grateful to my commander for having chosen me from among my comrades. There was not one who was not emulous of the distinction."

Murat argued favorably of the young Pole's courage and intelligence. He gave him his verbal instructions. Baron Strongonoff supplied him with a bundle of unpunctured messages to Admiral Sinavin. The young man was equipped in a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal on horseback.

During the first two days he pursued his course without molestation; but on the morning of the third day he was surrounded by a party of Spanish troops, who disarmed him and conducted him before the general in command of the military force of the district. His name was Castanos.

Leckinski knew perfectly well that he was lost if suspected to be an adherent of the French. Consequently he immediately resolved within himself not to utter a syllable of French, but to confine himself entirely to Russian and German, which language he spoke with facility. The

angry imprecations of the troops, who conducted him to Castanos, sufficiently convinced him of the fate that awaited him, if his real character was made known. The horrible death of Gen. Rence, who only a few weeks previous had perished in tortures, for no other offence than that of attempting to join Junot, might well have shaken his fortitude.

"Who are you?" asked the Spanish General, in French.

Leckinski looked at his interrogator, and replied in German:

"I not understand."
Gen. Castanos understood German; but not wishing to occupy his own time with this business, he called one of the officers of the staff and gave the matter over to him.

The examination was continued. The young Pole gave his answers alternately in Russian and German, keeping himself most cautiously on his guard against dropping a single word of French. He had no easy part to play, for he was narrowly watched by a crowd of fierce Spaniards, thirsting for his blood, and betraying a savage eagerness that he might be found guilty;—that was, declared to be in the employment of the French.

The furious excitement was increased and his safety much endangered, by a circumstance which now occurred. An aide de camp of Castanos, who had been one of the most eager to declare him a French spy in disguise, rushed into the room, after a short absence holding by the arm a peasant, in brown jacket, and a high crowned hat, surmounted by a high feather. Having forced his way thro' the crowd, he confronted his companion with Leckinski.

"Look at that man!" said he, "and inform us if he is a German or a Russian.—He is a spy, I would swear by salvation," continued he, stamping his foot angrily on the ground.

The peasant for a few moments gazed steadily at the young Pole. Then his dark eye kindled, and with a bitter expression of fury and hatred, he exclaimed:

"He is a Frenchman he is a Frenchman!" He then turned to the aide de camp and said: "Some weeks ago I went to Madrid with a load of hay for the barracks.—This man is the one to whom I delivered the forage; he gave me a receipt for it.—I stood behind him for a long time, by the broken gate under the trees. When I saw him brought in to-day, I said to Antonio, yonder, (Antonio my brother in law,) 'There is the Frenchman to whom I delivered the forage.'"

"Let him be shot! let him be shot!" exclaimed a dozen unruly voices.

"Shoot him! shoot him!" echoed from the crowd, assembled to look in the windows at the "French spy."

"But," said an officer, "it is prudent to expose ourselves to the risk of difficulties with Russia, thus hastily?"

"Certainly not," replied another officer; "but let it be proved that the man is really a Russian."

Leckinski heard all this, for he understood Spanish very well. He was led out and locked up in a dungeon.

At the time of his arrest he had not tasted food since the afternoon of the preceding day, and when the prison door was locked upon him, eighteen hours had elapsed since he had partaken nourishment. Add to this the fatigue and anxiety he had suffered, and it will not be a matter of surprise that he threw himself in a state of utter exhaustion on a mattress which lay on the ground, and was soon asleep.

This being ascertained through a loophole in the wall, one of the officers returned to his own house.

His young and handsome wife was sitting on a yellow cushion, playing the guitar.

"Benita," said he, "we have, we think, taken a French spy, but he pretends to be in the Russian service; that may be but a pretext nevertheless we have not been able to make him betray himself. Woman's art sometimes avail where man's sagacity has failed; come with me to the guard house."

In that country of faithless wives, duennas and intrigues Benita loved her husband. Her guitar was quickly laid aside, her yellow cushion rolled away, her mantilla thrown over her black hair.

Arrived there, the Spanish officer bade look through the loop hole, at the sleeping youth.

"I will wait here," do you go in with a lamp, and throwing the light suddenly on his face, awake him. When thus thrown off his guard listen to what he says, and watch his gestures."

Benita bowed her head, in token of obedience. The jailor opened the door noiselessly; and she entered.

Leckinski had been asleep about two hours when some one softly approached his couch. It was Benita. A hand was held before the lamp, to shade the glare from his eye, and when the hand was withdrawn, he felt a gentle tap on his shoulder, and a sweet-toned voice uttered the words in French:

"Will you have some supper?"

Benita had true woman's heart. She dreaded the idea of being accessory to the evil planned for this young man. His unprotected situation, and his early years, filled her heart with pity. Still she dare not disobey. As he spoke, she grasped his wrist with firmness, which recalled his scattered senses as he awoke.

The young Pole, then suddenly aroused from his slumbers by the glare of light and the words of the young woman, accompanied by a tap on his shoulder, was about to forget himself, when the pressure of his wrist, by exciting his wonder, brought the circumstances of his situation clearly before him.

He raised himself quickly and without opening his eyes, asked in German—

"What do you say?"

"Send him some supper," exclaimed Castanos upon hearing the result of his trial, "saddle his horse, and let him continue his journey. He is no Frenchman. How could he have kept on the mask, when thus taken by surprise? this thing is impossible."

But Castanos did not exercise undivided authority. Leckinski's supper was sent to him, but he was not permitted to leave the dungeon until morning. He was then led to a place whence he could behold the mutilated bodies of ten French who had been caught and massacred by the Spaniards. Here for the space of several hours he was watched by eyes and ears eager to catch at any unguarded word or gesture.

"Gentlemen," said Gen. Castanos to his brother officers—"I am as full aware as you of the importance of preventing communication between the different French commanders at present in Spain; but we cannot with justice, convict this young man upon the mere assertion of a peasant, who may be mistaken through resemblance, or misled by his fanatical patriotism."

It was cheering relief to Leckinski to be led back to prison; although his mind was haunted by horrid images and melancholy forebodings, he nevertheless, fell a second time into a profound sleep.

Another snare was now laid for him. Amid the silence which prevailed in the dungeon, the door was again softly opened and the same harmonious voice which had addressed him the night before, said in a low tone:

"Rise and follow me—you are saved—your horse is waiting."

But whilst Benita repeated by rote, in French the words she dared not refuse to utter, the same warning pressure of the wrist aroused his watchfulness.

Four cruel black eyes were watching the dungeon scene through a loophole in the wall.

They saw Benita—they heard the words—these blood thirsty Spanish officers. But Benita's adroitness prevented their seeing anything more.

At the words "you are saved," Leckinski started up, but the grasp of Benita's slender fingers recalled his presence of mind, he replied as before in German.

"What do you say?"

On being informed of the result of this new temptation, Castanos urged his immediate liberation; he was again overruled.

In the morning the young Pole was conducted before a sort of court, composed of the officers of Castanos's staff. They addressed to him the severest threats, but firm in his resolution, he appeared not to understand one word which they were saying. He inquired in German for an interpreter, one at last was produced.

He was asked what was the object of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon.

He replied by producing the despatches from the Russian Ambassador to Admiral Sinavin, and his passport. And, but for the unfortunate encounter with the peasant these proofs might have been satisfactory, but he was still the object of suspicion.

"Ask him," said the President of the Committee, "whether he is friendly to the Spaniards, since he is not a Frenchman."

The interpreter translated the question. "Yes, doubtless," replied Leckinski. "I love and respect the noble character of the Spaniards, and I wish your nation and my own united."

"Colonel," says the interpreter, in French, "the prisoner says he hates us, and would like to see the whole nation as one man, that he might annihilate it at a single blow."

Whilst these words were uttered, the eyes of the whole assembly attentively watched the prisoner's countenance, to see what effect would be produced by this new trick or rather snare. He stood perfectly unmoved.

"Gentlemen," said General Castanos, "it appears to me there is no ground of suspicion against this young man; and therefore he must be set at liberty, and allowed to pursue his journey immediately."

Accordingly, his arms and despatches were restored to him, and the brave young Pole, after passing through a series of trials which required almost superhuman fortitude and presence of mind, went on his way. He arrived safely in Lisbon, fulfilled his mission, and wished to return to Madrid but General Junot, who was glad to say, refused to allow him to expose himself again to the dangers he had so miraculously escaped.

Leckinski never saw Benita again. But a feeling of gratitude to the lovely Spaniard, never left him. Leckinski often told the story to his friends, after his return to Poland, when the war was over.

From the Knickerbocker for July.
CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY AND CORNPLANTER.
A LEGEND OF THE ALLEGHANY RIVER.

Many of the wild legends of border strife and Indian barbarity that have been enacted along the shores of the Alleghany and Ohio have never been rescued from the dim and fading remembrances of a past age. But occasionally a story of thrilling interest is snatched from the lingering records of the red man.

The story I am about to relate I received from an old Indian pilot of the Alleghany. It was many years ago, when that stern old chief, Cornplanter, (whose remains now repose in silence and loneliness on the banks of that beautiful river he loved so well,) was in his glory. His tribe roamed over the dense and unbroken forest along its banks, fearless, unmolested, and free.

His people were hostile to the whites and never lost an opportunity to lie in ambush and seize the lonely voyager as he descended the river, and consign him to the stake and the torture. But the watchful, shrewd and deadly foe of Cornplanter and the whole "tawny race" was the indomitable and fearless Captain Samuel Brady. This veteran pioneer and Indian hunter was one of those noble specimens of the hardy frontiersmen who plunged fearlessly into the interminable forests that then overspread so large a portion of the Western States.

Like Daniel Boone, Lewis and Clark, Simon Kenton, and others, who made Indian hunting a pastime, his deadly hate of the Indian, and his burning passion for hunting them down, amounted to a monomania. This hatred was in consequence of the wrongs they had inflicted upon his family—his father, Captain John Brady, and his brother having fallen victims to the tomahawk and scalping knife.

The scene of the present story is at a place known to boatmen and raftsmen as "Brady's Bend," and where now the noise and bustle of a new manufacturing town called the "Great Western" resounds along the shores that then echoed only to the whoop of the savage or the panther's scream.

It is a bend in the river of nine miles length, and is sometimes called "Nine mile Bend," and is scarcely half a mile across the neck. Here in this bend, Cornplanter, returned from some successful inroads upon the whites, had secured several prisoners, by tying them to as many trees, while his swarthy and hideously-painted followers were busy in making preparations for the faggot and the torture.

The stake was erected and the faggots prepared with all the coolness and refinement of Indian barbarity. It was a beautiful evening; the sun was just sinking behind the lofty hill upon the opposite shore. Calmness had thrown its only wand upon the Alleghany's crystal tide, and it slept. The full, round moon, just bursting through the tree-tops behind them, sailed calmly through the distant blue, and cast its melow beams upon the sleeping river, and danced upon its placid bosom.

The melancholy note of the whip-poor-will from the adjoining thicket fell sweetly upon the ear. The victims were unbound and led forth to the place of torture. At this moment, a voice, high up among the frowning rocks that loomed out from the thick hemlocks that crowned the hill opposite, hailed Cornplanter in the Indian tongue, informing him that he was an Indian warrior, just returned from the war-path with a goodly number of prisoners.

He desired that the ceremonies of torture might be suspended until he could ford the river and join them, when they would celebrate the occasion with unusual demonstrations of savage rejoicings. To this Cornplanter consented. The flames that had been kindled were extinguished, and the prisoners again bound to the trees.

In the meantime, Brady, for it was he who had deceived the wild Indian, with a body of men moved silently up the river to a place known as "Truby's Ripple," and fording the river, drew his men up across the neck of the bend, and moved noiselessly down upon the savages. So cautious was his approach that the Indians were completely cut off from retreat before they became alarmed.

Brady's men hemmed them in from behind while the Alleghany rolled in front. The first intimation to the Savages of his approach was communicated by a deadly discharge from his rifles. The Indians fought with desperation, but were overpowered; all were killed or taken prisoners save the chief, Cornplanter, who, finding himself alone, plunged into the river, and swam for the shore.

Being a good swimmer, he remained several minutes under water, but as he rose for breath, he was greeted with a shower of bullets. In this way, alternately swimming under water as long as he could hold his breath, and then rising to the surface, he escaped unhurt, and reaching the other shore in safety, secreted himself behind a large standing rock.

The prisoners were of course unbound and all joined in the jollifications and joy at the timely and unlooked for release.

The rock that shielded Cornplanter from Brady's bullets was pointed out to me by the old Indian, in a recent trip down this river. It is known as "Cornplanter's Rock." The old Indian gave me the story with a sad and dejected countenance, in broken English.

"Alas! what a change! Where then the sneaky tides to the beautiful Alleghany parted only to the swift-skimming birchen canoe and echoed to the wild voices that came out of the dark forest, now is heard the shrill whistle of the steam-pipe and the rushing of the mighty steamer. Where the tawny savages then reclined upon the shady banks from his pursuit of the deer, the panther and the bear, or rested from the warpath, is now the scene of life and activity.

The tall old forest has receded from before the advance of civilization, and given place to farms, beautiful villas and bustling towns. The Indians, too, have passed away; but a few, and they but miserable decaying relics of what they once were, are now occasionally seen, the descendants of the proud race that once could call these hills, and groves, and rivers all their own. Alas! in the language of the poet;

"Chiefdoms and their tribes have perished,
Like the thickets where they grew."

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.
1657.
OF THE QUAKERS.

It is not our intention in these memoirs to dwell largely on subjects which principally relate to other colonies, but an account of the Quakers into N. E. and some of the circumstances upon their coming, we deem not out of place in these memoirs—especially when we consider that Rhode Island was to them a fortress of defence—a city of refuge—to which they fled from persecution, and where they were received and protected with an open and generous hospitality.

A few years previous to this time George Fox, had raised a new religious sect in England, who, from their quaking and trembling when they were brought before a Justice of the Peace in England, 1650, were called Quakers. In the month of July, 1655, Mary Fisher and Ann Austin arrived at Boston from Barbadoes—and a few weeks after arrived, in the ship Speedwell of London Robert Lock master, more, viz. William Brand, Thomas Thurston, Christopher Holder, John Copeland, Richard Smith, Mary Prince, Dorothy Waugh, Sarah Gibbons and Mary Witherhead. On the 8th of September they were brought before the Court of Assistants, and being examined and each of them questioned how they could make it appear that God sent them? After a pause they answered, that they had the same call that Abraham had to go out of his country. To other questions, it is said they gave rude and contemptuous answers—which is the reason assigned for committing them to prison. A great number of their books which they had brought over with intent to scatter about the country, were reserved for the fire. The Court passed sentence of banishment on them all, and required the master of the ship in which they came, to become bound with sureties to the value of five hundred pounds to carry them all away, and caused them to be committed to prison until the ship should be ready to sail.

At this time there was, in Massachusetts, no special provision by law of the punishment of Quakers; they were, however, brought within a former law of the colony against heretics in general. At the next session of the General Court, the 14th of October following, an act passed laying a penalty of one hundred pounds upon the master or any vessel who should bring a known Quaker into any part of the Colony, and requiring him to give security to carry them back again; that the quaker should be immediately sent to the house of correction, and whipped twenty stripes, and afterwards kept to hard labor until transportation. They also laid a penalty of five pounds for importing, and the like for dispersing quaker books, and severe penalties for defending their heretical opinions. And the next year an additional law was made by which all persons were subjected to the penalty of forty shillings, for every hour's entertainment given to any known quaker, and any quaker after conviction, if a man, was to lose one ear and the second time the other, a woman each time to be severely whipped; and the third time, man or woman, to have their tongues bored through with a red hot iron; and every quaker who should become such in the colony were subjected to the like punishments. In May, 1658 a penalty of ten shillings was laid on every person present at a quaker meeting, and five pounds upon every one speaking at such a meeting. Notwithstanding all this severity, the number of quakers increased rather than diminished. In October following, a farther law was made for punishing with death all quakers who return into the jurisdiction after banishment.

Correspondence of the Providence Journal.
Newport, July 21, 1855.

It was a maxim with Sam Slick that if he could but lend a squatter a time-piece for a few months, he was sure in the end of making a sale; and it may be said of Newport, that those who are induced to spend one season here, cannot fail to return with each succeeding year. Such, at least, is the result with those with whom I am familiar; and I am convinced that thus it must ever be, even if some leader of fashions should entice the flats to a new field of display and extravagance.

Old Newport—the Newport that we know of old—I find as venerable as ever; though by no means as contented in its ancient garb of whitewash and weather stains, but rather aiming at a more youthful dress of paint and stucco. Yet these throes have not been without a mighty effort; for here, as elsewhere, I find many survivors of a generation represented by Mr. Harcastle, who loved everything that was old—old friends, old times, old manners, old wines, and even old wife Dorothy.

Be this as it may, a taste for grading old thoroughfares that have long remained intact, and the tearing down of rickety old dwellings to replace them with less substantial but more showy structures, seems to grow upon the inhabitants of this once quiet and sober seaport; and the erection of stylish cottages is universally resorted to as a means of turning surplus capital into a profitable channel. The traveller notes these changes from year to year, and the time has already come when those who knew Newport thirty years ago, are a loss to find the old landmarks that once guided their steps to the Beach, the Boat House, Paradise, and the Glen. Where, a score of years ago, we shot plover and snipe, now stands the Ocean House, and on the Cliffs.

"Where backed on sunny banks the simple sheep," now rise stately mansions with ample lawns, of semi-gothic, semi-barbarous cottages, styled chateaux, or chateaux—that the one indicating affluence governed and directed by a refined taste, the other,

"That standing sermon at each year's expense,
That never exorcism reached magnificence."

The number of visitors here is still quite limited, if the entry-books at the hotels are to be taken as an index; these, however, do not give one an idea of the number already assembled, for the hundreds of cottages owned by those who spend their summers here, or let by the season to any moneyed man who may apply—none other can exist here—were all filled early in the season, and nearly all the rooms at the hotels were long since engaged. Whether these last are occupied early in the season or not, it matters little to the proprietors, as they charge from the first of July, on the principle enjoined at the theatre, that those who would have reserved seats must pay for the luxury.

Many names well known to the world are numbered among the summer residents. Bancroft is enjoying the pure breezes at his quiet retreat on the Cliffs. Recently Mr. Everett was his guest, and many availed themselves of the opportunity to pay their respects to a statesman so much respected and beloved. Longfellow, with a few artist friends, is staying at the Perry house, gathering strength from strolls along the sands, and perhaps laying up stores of refined thoughts to enrich some new product of his pen. Tuckerman, who spends every summer here, is now at the Atlantic; genial, warm-hearted and sincere, he finds in the society of Newport many attractions, and here he has in the past prepared many of those essays that have associated his name with Lamb and Hunt—the finest essays of the age. Baker is also here, and Curtis, who has been in Providence for some time, and Dr. Vinton, late of Grace Church, Brooklyn, but now of St. Paul's of New York, and many others, men of note whose names I might mention. Of artists we have not a few, and promise is held out that the number will be increased. Of those who are not residents, I have seen Staigg, Kennett White, Mrs. Dassel, and Miss Stebbins; and Crosey, Ames, Tefft, Cooper, Lawrence, and others, are expected shortly to join the circle.

GOOD HUMOR.

Keep in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence, it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the "minor miseries," that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality. It helps nobody, hinders everybody. It is always foolish and always disgraceful, except in some rare cases when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that "noble rage" seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor.

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. 'Till cheerfulness is lost, keep in good humor.

The company of a good-humored man is a perpetual feast. He is welcome everywhere. Eyes glisten at his cheering presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adams' fire or Jefferson's wisdom. He clothed wisdom with smiles and soft contentions minds into acquiescence. Keep in good humor.

In a fine editorial remarks on spiritualism. The *N. Y. Tribune* says it is "repeatedly challenged the adepts in the modern art of ghost-seen, spirit-rapping, table-tipping, and the like, to state a new truth which their pretended revelations have added to the sum of human knowledge, but as yet they have not been able to meet the proposal." It, however, acknowledges that there is something a little out of the ordinary run in a communication published in the same paper, in which it is stated that the spirits in the vicinity of Athens, Ohio, have become so emboldened, as to form themselves into a band, under the lead of one of their number, named King, and that when required to do so they will always perform for the entertainment of strangers, in a perfectly dark room. The spirits at these times also sing, if desired, and hold converse with any of the parties in an audible voice; and have even condescended to "reconstruct portions of their physical bodies," and sometimes, that the audience may see distinctly, "they wet their hands with a weak solution of phosphorus, prepared for that purpose and by their request," and the hands so reconstructed were passed round, for examination (by the phosphorescent illumination) and "appeared to be recognized from the same elements that our hands are," and but for their being cold and death-like, they could not be distinguished from the hands of persons living and in the form.

Surely the *Tribune* can find in this statement enough to gratify its desires; but if it still craves further information in regard to the erratic movements of the spirits, we may as well state here, that we have recently conversed with a medium who is in constant communication with the spirit of one whose period of existence dates back at least fourteen thousand years, and possibly a hundred thousand. The precise locality where he "held out," has not yet been arrived at, but it was somewhere in the west of Asia or south of Africa. He describes verbally, or through the medium of pen, ink and paper—doing the mechanical himself—things that no longer are known to man; and some of his statements in regard to what existed upon the earth at that distant period have been thought worthy of scientific examination. He belonged to a race of men much larger than those of the present day, and from his description they must have weighed at least three hundred pounds, and lived one hundred and fifty years; the subject died at about twenty-five, having been cut off in his youth. His countrymen enjoyed a perfect *dolce far niente*, according to his account, strolling about the fields, sleeping under the trees, &c. And now it appears that after this long lapse of time he has recovered the use of his faculties, with the addition of such accomplishments as speaking and writing English fluently.

Such an one certainly meets the wants of the *Tribune*, and perhaps that skeptical sheet will yet have an opportunity of learning more of this visitant, as the huge pile of manuscript, prepared by himself or at his request—he will pardon us for not giving his address; we own to forgetfulness in not making the inquiry—will shortly be published, with all that relates to his appearance on earth, style, manner, &c., when in connection with mortals who must appear to him but little more than pygmies, as compared with those he once knew in the flesh.

A manifestation like this is something like, and puts the spirits of Athens, with their dark room and phosphorescent hands, to the shade. The spirits now, to be heard and respected, must come in open day to have their say; and if, from long habit, they still use phosphorus, let them bring it with them from Pluto's domain, and not tax mortals to prepare a weak solution for them.

On Tuesday last, CHRISTOPHER ELLERY ROBBINS, Esq., expired at his residence in Middletown and his remains were interred in this city on the following day.

Mr. ROBBINS was the only surviving son of the late Hon. ASHER ROBBINS, and his loss will be felt by a large number, who valued him for his acquirements and respected his many virtues. He was fitted for college at Sandwich, Mass., and entered Harvard College, where he was assigned the third place in his class; but ill health forced him to leave before the close of his studies, and the same cause prevented his return. Brown University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, some years since, and in 1852 he was elected an honorary member of the Rhode Island Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

For many years Mr. ROBBINS represented this town in the General Assembly, and more recently he held the important office of Secretary of State. In his politics he was always consistent, and uniformly held to the party of his choice; as a scholar he was thorough in all the departments of learning to which his attention had been directed; and as a friend and relation he was sincere and ever ready to devote himself to their interest, or to the public good.

The marriage of CANA has always been a stumbling block of offence to advocates of teetotalism, and instead of looking at it from the right point of view, they lose their patience, and even at times become blasphemous, as witness these words from the *Albany Protectionist*.

"The truth is, Christ when on earth, made several mistakes, and his wine bibbing was one of them."

Of the mistakes ever made upon earth, probably none of the greater was that of the mother of the writer, in conceiving one who could thus deliberately vilify his God, and assume a position more deplorable than that of the meanest wretch who ever sold his soul for rum.

"Wine bibbing" has slain its thousands, but if such reckless measures are to be resorted to to effect its removal, no sane man will ever say that the end sanctifieth the means.

The crops are coming in very fast, and judging from the following, from the *Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligencer* of the 13th ult., breadstuffs must come down:

AN AVALANCHE OF WHEAT.—Yesterday there were one hundred cars loaded with (new) wheat at Chattanooga, ready to move, and the depot crammed to its utmost capacity. Two trains a day arrive at Chattanooga, by the Nashville road, and it was estimated yesterday that there were stored in that town 30,000 bushels of wheat, exclusive of that in store by our road. From Chattanooga down to Edinburg, the depots are all full to bursting. On the 9th, there were received at Calhoun 2,000 bushels, and the hands could not knock off their loading till 11 o'clock at night. Maj. Young, the Agent at Calhoun, thinks that from his depot alone, he will ship 100,000 bushels during the season. To-day, five full trains will be down, and we suppose each car will contain 130 sacks.

There is a great call in the West for farm hands; laborers for harvesting command two and a half dollars a day. The farmers say it is easier for them to borrow a thousand dollars than hire a single hand. Where those who lounge about every city and town at the East disposed to earn their bread by the sweat of the brow, they could find ample employment for their hands in the most healthy portions of the west, and at good wages.

It is stated that the cable for the submarine telegraph to connect the island of Newfoundland with this Continent, is on its way to its destination, having been shipped from London on the 25th ult.—Over six hundred men are employed in the pushing the line across Newfoundland to St. Johns, and the whole work will shortly be completed.

The latest account from BARNUM is, that he was last seen in Boston, on his way to Gilmanston (N. H.), to procure those snakes and that girl.

After the late exposure of his letter, BARNUM did better at the show than he can expect to in the pulpit, lecturing on temperance at twenty-five dollars a night.

The peach trees in New Jersey are loaded with fruit in some sections to a degree that renders it necessary to prop the limbs, to keep them from breaking off. There is no more healthy fruit than the peach, when ripe and fresh; and we hope that the crop this year will prove all that has been said in its favor.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

The following remarks on Hydrophobia should be kept before the public until an opportunity is offered of trying the remedy for that most painful and much dreaded disease. We remember having seen it remarked some time since that Professor MACCHETTI had made some discovery of a successful mode of treating the bite of a mad dog; if the statement as here made of his practice is correct, the remedy is simple and can be applied at all times and in all places.

HYDROPHOBIA.—It is said that in every instance where a person is bitten by a mad dog, small punctures make their appearance sooner or later on the under of the tongue; but generally in from six to nine days. These punctures must be opened with a sharp-pointed instrument, as they are too tough to break of themselves; and the matter must be discharged and spit out, or it will be reabsorbed, which reabsorption is said to cause the proxymous terminal hydrophobia. The above is the substance of a communication which appeared in *The New Orleans Tropic* some years since from the pen of a Southern physician, who says: "In 1832 I was called to visit a negro woman who had been bitten by a mad dog, and by pursuing the treatment here laid down I was successful in curing her. This course is the same that was recommended by Prof. Macchetti of Moscow, in 1820, and proved effectual, and my first intention of this mode was from an English magazine published forty years ago, containing a communication from a gentleman recently returned from Tartary, where mad dogs are common and this method of treatment usual and successful."

An impostor, who asserts that he is a nephew of Baron HEMMELT, has been availing the citizens of Havana by pretending to successfully treat yellow fever, and the better to test his new practice he succeeded in having a number of Government troops placed under his hands, to operate upon. Of course he failed, but the notoriety the thing gave him threw open to him a large private practice, from which he no doubt realized something very handsome in the way of fees. The imposture in itself was soon exposed, but it was only on publishing of a letter from an American residing in Germany, in the *New York Tribune*, that it was known that HEMMELT had no connections in this country or the West Indies, and the number of persons traveling in America, who claim to be connected with his family, are all deceivers. Their names may possibly be HEMMELT, but they are not of his family.

Baron HEMMELT, on reading the paragraph still going the rounds of the press, headed "A huge pile of serpents," and which has been ascribed to him, remarked that he knew nothing of the story nor had ever seen or heard of such a sight.

The revolutionists in Mexico are now going the whole figure and are possessing themselves of the principal towns; Monterey has already fallen into their hands, and many sections not in open revolt are already ripe for rebellion.

Fighting, with Mexicans, is a second nature, and when they have not a common enemy they turn their arms against each other; the latter being by far the most common practice with them; and thus the country is in a continual broil and blood does run like water. The Mexican character has almost run to the lowest ebb, and there seems nothing left on which to build, even if they were disposed to reform and mend their ways. They are like the renowned Kilkenny cats, and possibly when they are reduced to the same straits we may step in and "annex" their fruitful hills, paradise of a valley, gold and silver mines, and all.

By late arrivals from Sierra Leone we have the painful intelligence that a number of British soldiers have been taken prisoners by a hostile native chief, and put to death in the most barbarous manner, and the *New Era*, published there, says the atrocious treatment of the soldiers so captured is too horrible to bear description. The unfortunate men composed part of an expedition sent against a native chief, on the Malahang River, where they were outnumbered and suffered a loss of fifty killed and taken prisoners. The *New Era* blames the authorities for undertaking the expedition with an inadequate force; and it says the natives, anticipating another attack, have defended themselves by obstructing the river, so as to prevent any vessel from passing up.

The alarm of fire on Wednesday night proceeded from the house known as the Gov. Exs. estate.—There was some difficulty at first on the part of the firemen and citizens in finding the fire, and after the first alarm they had generally returned to their homes, supposing that, as usual of late, the alarm was a false one. The alarm was again raised and the flames, which fortunately had done but little damage, were soon extinguished.

We fear that at some time we shall suffer a severe loss in this city from fire, from the fact that the citizens, having been so often deceived by a false alarm, are slack to believe there is a fire when the cry is raised.

A GOOD JOKE.—A short time since we were talking with a couple of marketmen in regard to publishing a weekly price current, as established by the trade in meats and vegetables, in this city. One party thought it would be a good idea, but the other said "no, for if you do"—giving force to his argument with a blow from a cleaver on the chopping block—"if you do," said he, "you'll frighten folks so they'll never look a butcher in the face again." He was in the right, we have not the slightest doubt, and as people turn towards the markets now with a heavy tread, we do not wish to cause them any further uneasiness than they daily experience.

We did not recognize the *Northern Star* in the *Rhode Island Telegraph*; nor is it surprising, for never has there a greater change in the appearance of a paper—if we except that effected by us in the *Mercury* a few years since. The *Telegraph* is published by ALBERT R. COOKE, Esq., on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and is every way an attractive and worthy sheet—full of life and spirit, up with the times, and conducted in a sensible, straight-forward manner that must make it acceptable to our Warren friends.

A few days since we saw at the R. I. Union Bank a five dollar bill of that institution, which was issued March 7th, 1864, signed by JOHN L. BOSS, Cashier, and SAMUEL ELAM, President, and numbered 804. The bank went into operation that year and from the number of the bill this must have been one of the first issued. It was returned to the bank from Boston in 1862, and looks almost as fresh as new.

This afternoon at five o'clock the interesting ceremony of laying the corner-stone of Emmanuel Church, will take place at the corner of Spring and Dearborn Streets, and the ceremonies will be conducted by the Right Reverend Bishop CLARK.

Tomorrow morning Bishop CLARK will preach a sermon in Trinity Church, in aid of Emmanuel Church.

The weather during the early part of the week damp, foggy and raw; but on Wednesday the wind veered from East to South-West, and since then it has been warm, pleasant and agreeable.

The Fair of the Unitarian Society came off at Ocean Hall on Wednesday, and in the evening the Germans were present and contributed to the entertainment. The amount realized was about \$800.

The Saratoga correspondent of the *New York Express*, says that Newport has of late years been stealing much from Saratoga, and the latter would have suffered, but for its unrivaled springs.

CHAS. O. ROGERS, Esq., has become sole proprietor of the *Boston Journal*, having purchased the interest held by the heirs of his deceased brother.—The *Journal* is a favorite wherever known, and its circulation here is quite large.

BABIES CHIEF.—MR. HILL, the Boston City Crier, has five fine healthy children, from seven weeks to two years and a half old, whom he is desirous of having adopted.

The sufferers by the bombardment of Greytown have arrived at Washington to present their claims before the Court of Claims. Their claims amount to about \$5,000,000.

We regret to learn, just as we go to press, of the death of THOMAS SKINNER BROWN, who married a daughter of the late Doctor MANS, of this city. He died at Naples last month, aged about 48 years.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, for July, and the opening number of vol. XXXIII, is received. The leading article is a biographical sketch of Thos. H. Perkins, late of Boston, and one of the most distinguished merchants of that city.

Published articles like those of Mr. Hunt is doing much for the literature of the country; more for the rising generation of merchants and business men. We cannot have too many of these bright examples, and we know of no work except the *Northern Merchants' Magazine*, that we can look to for a large and valuable collection; other articles, Commerce of New York and Philadelphia; Physical Geography of the Sea; Commercial and Industrial Cities of Europe; Progress of the United States in Wealth and Population, &c.

MR. DISTENFELD has issued in a neat form, with embellishments and numerous maps, a complete Guide to all the Springs, Water Falls, Sea-Bathing Resorts, and Mountain Scenery of the United States and Canada. The work is invaluable to the traveler, and its accuracy may be relied upon, as the publisher has every means of obtaining all that is requisite to make it complete.

The same publisher has left with us the latest edition of his Railway, Steamship and Telegraph Book, in which is registered the names, location, extent and time tables of all the principal depots in the country, as well as all the international stations, &c., to which is added a list of maps of reference. For sale by all booksellers and newsmen.

Doctests, which he says: Published by Edward Livermore, New York, 1 vol., 12 mo., pp. 320. These letters are already well known to the public, they having been extensively copied by the newspaper press. They were originally written in reply to a request for a collection of the eccentricities displayed by the printer and his curious and abrupt manner of expressing his ideas, at once brought them into notice. There is nothing original about them, and for us they have not many attractions; but they are of a stamp of "safe," and the publisher will realize what *Doctests* says he looks for—large and profitable returns.

The New York Quarterly for July is before us.—The leading articles are on The Last Days of Colonial Independence, a review of Bancroft's sixth volume. The German Language, Journalism in Great Britain and America; Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts; Indistinct views; Hearing, See, Woman and Books; Greece, Past, Present, and Future, and Contemporaneous Literature. The value of the Quarterly is well known, and it is recommended to the American public by some of the finest writers of the day.

Blackwood's Magazine, for July, has first part of an article on the Imperial Policy of Russia, a continuation of the absorbing romance, Zaidie, also a continuation of Notes on Canada, and the Story of the Campaign, written in a tent in the Crimea, as well as other entertaining articles. By subscribing of Hammett, Agent, Blackwood's and the Reviews can be obtained free of postage.

Household Words for August has come to hand, with other books for good things, including the conclusion of the new novel of Mother and Step-Mother. If with this periodical before him one cannot find amusement and instruction for an hour or two, he must look further and fare worse.

Goody's Lady's Book for August is at hand, and we always find it promptly on our table at least ten days in advance. We have not room to enumerate its table of contents, which is full and well adapted to suit all the tastes that may be supposed to refer to this established monthly for entertainment.

Peter's Lady's Monthly, for August, under the editorial management of Mrs. Stephens, holds its own in the contest for popular favor among the periodicals of the day, and there is always much taste shown in making up each number.

The Happy Home, for August, contains its usual number of embellishments and original articles, all of which are of such utility and real benefit to the reader.

The London Times' correspondent gives the following account of the small mines which the Russians have strewn the ground with about their outworks.

"I was shown here (at the Mamelon) one of these extraordinary fougasses, or small mines which are exploded on the touch of the foot, and which the Russians planted thickly about their advance works. A strong case containing powder is sunk in the ground, and to it is attached a thin tube of tin or lead, several feet in length; in the upper end of the tube there is a thin glass tube containing acid. This portion of the tube just above the earth, where it can be readily hid by a few blades of grass or a stone. If a person steps on it it bends the tin tube, and breaks the glass tube inside. The acid immediately escapes and runs down the tin tube till it arrives close to its insertion into the case, and there meets a few grains of chlorate of potash. Combustion instantly takes place, the mine explodes, and not only destroys everything near it, but throws out a quantity of bitumen, with which it is coated, in a state of ignition, so as to burn whatever it rests on. Later in the day I very nearly had a practical experience of the working of these mines, for an English sentry, who kindly warned me off, did not indicate the exact direction till he found he was in danger of his firing it, when he became very communicative on the subject. One of them exploded during the armistice, but I don't know what damage it did. We have lost several men by them. While the ground is occupied by the Russians they mark them by small flags, which are removed when the enemy advances. It makes it disagreeable walking in the space between the works."

"THE CHARMED GIRL."—The Concord Statesman fully corroborates the statements of our correspondent in regard to the Gilmanston snake story, that it is a complete humbug. The Statesman says:

"A gentleman from Gilmanston, who resides in the vicinity of Hill, the father of the 'charmed girl,' as she is called, states to us that the public are grossly imposed upon in this affair. Instead of there being a spontaneous and friendly feeling between the child and the reptile, there was, he says the utmost repugnance between the two, at the time the father commenced his work. People there entertain no doubt whatever, that he caught the snake some time ago; that he obtained it for the purpose of training the child to handle and control it; and that the exhibition of the two for money is the consideration had in view from the first by the inhuman parent."

The assertion that Dr. Wright, who is a highly respectable and widely known physician, gave it as his opinion that a separation of the child and the snake would be fatal to the former, is a falsehood; there is no foundation whatever for it."

WILD CAT IN MEXICO.—Late accounts from Northern Mexico state that Wild Cat, the cunning, restless and indomitable Seminole Chief, whom the United States officers found so troublesome a customer in the Florida war, has entered Mexico with his warriors, as the ally of Santa Anna. We find the following paragraph in a letter from Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, dated June 24:

"Gen. Cordova, who was captured by the revolutionists at Monterey, and on our promise to remain neutral in the struggle, has broken his oath, and with the assistance of Cruz, who was captured in Coahuila, and had to abandon Saltillo, has seduced the notorious Seminole Chief, Wild Cat, to join them with his warriors. They were stationed at La Encarnacion, some seventy miles beyond Saltillo, on the road to San Luis Potosi. The federalists, after garrisoning Monterey with 2,000 men, and occupying the passes of the Sierra Madre, had detached a strong force against them, and as yet we have not learned the result."

HON. ABERT LAWRENCE.—The Boston Journal learns that Mr. LAWRENCE is very young, and that he hopes of his recovery are very faint.

GEORGE PEABODY, the great American banker in London, gave a magnificent dinner the 4th of July to some one hundred and eighty of his countrymen. Among the guests were ex-President Fillmore, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Boston, and Hon. George W. Warren, of Charlestown, Mass. Mr. Quincy's speech occupies nearly two columns of the London journals. The London Advertiser, in a notice of this festival, and valuable collection; other articles, Commerce of New York and Philadelphia; Physical Geography of the Sea; Commercial and Industrial Cities of Europe; Progress of the United States in Wealth and Population, &c.

"Contemplate England, groaning with taxation and struggling in a sanguinary war; with her trade deranged, her populace discontented, her government the corrupt machine of an oligarchy, and her revenues squandered for she knows not what—and contrast her with America—the America that British Cabinet Ministers treat with so much indifference, whose statesmen are cultivating the arts of peace, and whose commerce is gathering a golden harvest to the nation. She it is that stands boldly forward in her civil greatness; she it is that presents a striking contrast to the military despots of Europe; she it is that—with her two thousand miles of unguarded coast, her unwarlike cities, her meagre navy—combines within herself the elements necessary to a great military nation. Peace reigns at her fireside; her throne is not in mourning. Her legislators are devising means to relieve an overflowing treasury, her trade is vigorous, her people are increasing beyond comparison in wealth, her Government is at least cheap and useful—Would that we could say the same! England spends her blood and treasure in fighting the battles of unthankful neighbors—America fights only her own battles—she fights them quick and well."

MONUMENT TO BLACKSTONE.—We have repeatedly urged the good people of Northern Rhode Island to erect a monument over the remains of William Blackstone, the first English settler in this portion of the State, who lies unhonored, if not unknown, near the river which he named, at the village of Lonsdale. It is therefore with pleasure we learn that preliminary measures have recently been taken to erect such a monument. On the 4th inst, a number of persons interested in the matter assembled at the grave, where addresses were made by S. C. Newman of Pawtucket, and Rev. J. A. Richmond of Providence.

After these services, a "Monument Association" was formed, of which Rev. Dr. Benedict, of Pawtucket, is President. We hope the time is not far distant when its efforts will be crowned with complete success. Every manufacturer whose wheels are turned by the waters of the Blackstone, ought to deem it a privilege to subscribe to the fund for a monument.

Woonsocket Patriot.

TREES.—The utility of shade trees was manifested at the time of the recent fire in this city, such a degree that people who never saw their use before were compelled to see it then. The heat in the vicinity of Hill & Cheney's stable and house, and by the Hanover Street Church, was very great, and at times threatened to ignite those buildings, but the thick, green foliage of the thirty trees which adorn the street afforded a strong barrier, and rendered them safe.—We remember a similar instance at the time of the burning of the steam mill on Manchester street a few years ago. If there is no other utility in the growing of vigorous shade trees than this, it is worth attention for this alone.—*Manchester Mirror.*

THE CROPS HEREABOUTS.—During the week we have travelled through several towns in Northern Rhode Island and Southern Massachusetts, and we observed of the growing crops. As a general thing they promise well. The late hot weather has advanced corn wonderfully, so that it now presents its usual growth at this period notwithstanding a backward spring. Most fields look well, some magnificently. Potatoes promise a great yield, and if not attacked by disease, will be sold at about fifty cents per bushel during the approaching fall. Farmers are now busy securing the hay, of which there is less than an average crop. Many with whom we conversed think there is considerably less than last year.

Woonsocket Patriot.

A LETTER from Florence states that electric magnetism is announced to be a remedy for cholera, by two eminent physicians, in different parts of Italy. The coincidence is noteworthy. Dr. Rossi, of this city, was preparing a memoir, the fruit of much study and experience, to show that the malady results from some electro-magnetic or animal-electric disturbance, for which galvanism is the proper remedy, when he was informed that Dr. Conzatti, of Padua, had conceived and demonstrated the theory within a few days in the restoration of four desperate cholera patients, by means of the electro-magnetic current, and that he was preparing a report, under the direction of the municipal authorities for publication.—*New York paper.*

CHILDREN ATTACKED BY RATS.—A correspondent writes us that three or four children were playing in the yard of No. 2 Wooster street, yesterday afternoon, were attacked by four enormous rats. Each rat singled out a victim, and sprung squealing upon the little girls. The girls ran to the house, but one little boy of two years was followed by a rat, which caught him by the right knee and held on until the child's grandfather went to his assistance. The rat would not run, and so he was killed. Attempts had been made to poison these rats previously, and it is feared the bite upon the child's face may prove serious. It is a singular affair.

New Haven Courier, Thursday.

JEROME BONAPARTE.—A private letter, dated Paris, June 26, contains the following: "Tell me that my Jerome Bonaparte has greatly distinguished himself, and has done great honor to his West Point training. He is the aid of one of the generals, and is the medium of communication between the French and English, as he speaks the two languages equally well. He is always in the midst of the battle, and has had two horses shot under him, but as yet escaped a wound. The Emperor is proud of him, and the French soldiers call him the 'brave American Bonaparte.'"

NARROW ESCAPE.—A little girl about ten years of age, came very near being killed on Saturday, by having her head out of the car windows on the New Jersey railroad. In passing over the Hackensack Bridge in the Philadelphia train, her head came in contact with one of the braces of the draw, which bruised it dreadfully. Had it protruded half an inch further, instead of death would have been the inevitable consequence.

THE CHARMED GIRL.—The poor little girl of Gilmanston, N. H., said to be charmed by snakes, has fallen a victim to a more potent spell. Barnum has secured her and her favorite snakes for exhibition. If the girl has any friends, they ought to save her from this loathsome disgrace.

Boston Trav.

SPECIAL MANURE FOR FRUIT TREES.—As a general rule, some kind of compost made of yard or stable manure, is the best and most reliable for fruit trees. Successful layers of turf, or of muck and turf, in connection with one-third or one-half manure, and a small quantity of ashes, worked together after lying a few weeks, will be found admirable in nearly all cases if used in proper quantities. But in rare instances, a special application proves of eminent advantage. An examination of this sort occurs in the statement of the Shakers at Harvard, (Mass.) published in the Patent Office Report. The soil is clayey, but the trees grew poorly.

They applied all the special manures suggested by experiments or reading, until observing the effect of urine on an unfruitful apple tree, they were induced to try it on pear trees that remained unfruitful in spite of iron, bone black, ashes, lime and the like manuring.—"The result was, the trees shot up a growth as luxuriant as weeds in a hot-bed. Those which had rarely made an inch of growth in a season, grew scions from eighteen inches to three feet, even in the summer following the operation." The mode was to apply two quarts, sprinkled around each tree at a time; to stir the surface of the earth a little, so that it may be well mixed, and prevent the formation of a crust. A cloudy day is recommended. The operation is repeated a month afterwards; and again on these trees not showing a satisfactory result. Caution is needed not to over-stimulate—the quantity must of course vary with the size of the trees, but we are not definitely informed in this respect. The full effect is not confined to the first year.

What particular ingredient, or rather what particular form of it, contained in this application, not to be found in ordinary manure, produced so extraordinary results, we leave to theorists to determine, if they can do it with certainty.

Rural New Yorker.

REVIEW OF SHERMAN'S FLYING ARTILLERY AT FORT SNELLING.—The announcement that there would be a review of a battery of flying artillery yesterday afternoon, drew to Fort Snelling a large concourse of spectators, comprising citizens of St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Anthony and other places.

The parade-ground is about a mile from Fort Snelling, and is admirably adapted to the evolutions of a military force. The battery, under the command of Major Sherman, arrived on the ground at five p. m., and after passing in review before General Shields and Gov. Gorman, commenced their military manœuvres.

The battery is composed of four guns, with thirteen men and eight horses to each gun. With the exception of four outriders, the men remain seated on the gun or ammunition carriages until their services are required for more arduous duty. The company is composed of men of fine physical appearance, and apparently well qualified, from the perfect state of discipline to which they have been brought, to do good service on the battle-field. In fact, we believe this battery, under the command of Major Sherman at Buena Vista, aided materially the brave Bragg, O'Brien, Washington and Thomas in staying the almost overwhelming column of the Mexican infantry. It was in Taylor's battles particularly—the Flying Artillery proved its efficiency as one of the most important arms of the public defence. The review was witnessed by a large number of ladies. Among the distinguished personages on the ground we noticed Gen. Shields, Hon. Charles Sumner, Gov. Gorman and Secretary Rosser.

Minnesota Democrat, 11th inst.

LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENTS.—Cuttan up to relate with great glee a mishap which befell a Roman Catholic Bishop who went up to the castle to adulate the Lord Lieutenant. It seems one of Lord Cornwallis' eyes was smaller than the other and had acquired a quick, perpetual oscillating motion. The addressers who had never seen him, had elaborated their compliments in the country. His Excellency was on his throne in high state when Bishop Lanigan of Kilkenny, at the head of his clergy auspiciously commenced: "Your Excellency has always kept a 'steady eye' upon the interests of England;" the room was in a roar.—"Never," said Curran, "did I hear its like except in the Mayor of Coventry's compliment to Queen Elizabeth; 'When the Spanish Armada attacked your Majesty they caught the wrong eye by the ear.'"

N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A YOUNG MAN SAWN IN TWO.—The Herald regrets to learn, by advices from Dunham at Friday last, at E. O. Brigham's saw-mills, about six miles from that village, a young man, named John Spooner, was sawn in two by a circular saw. The saw was going very fast, and is about two feet in diameter. The young man was stooping to pick something up and fell on the carriage moving towards the saw which caught him and cut him in two instantly.—*Montreal Transcript.*

GRAPE GROWING IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—A correspondent of a San Francisco paper, writing from Honolulu, says that the recent passage by the Hawaiian Legislature of a bill permitting the manufacture of wine from native grapes, has proved the inhibitory step to a decided and general movement for the wine culture. Grape vines are said to grow luxuriantly and to produce abundantly upon the Islands, and probably are long wine manufacturers will spring up in various parts of the kingdom.

A correspondent of the New York Observer, in writing from New Orleans, says of Matt Ward:

At the St Charles Hotel, last winter, at the balls, every lady who knew who he was refused his hand in dancing, and no father or brother would introduce him to their relatives. He is considered here a *Murderer*, and an out-cast with the mark of Cain branded on his brow.

A man in New York has invented, patented, and introduced a paper "dicky," which he sells at three cents, and warrants to stand with the mercury at ninety degrees in the shade! He makes the article by machinery, at the rate of 1000 per hour, starches and polishes them until they are as brilliant as if made of linen.

Finer weather for the crops never was known, and we hear from all quarters of the fine appearance of the corn, and its rapid growth. Notwithstanding its backwardness three weeks since, it has now nearly regained its usual healthy and vigorous condition. The quantity planted in this region is large.—*Worcester Spy.*

The President has received an autograph letter from the czar of Russia in reply to one transmitted through our minister, congratulatory upon his succession. The czar proposes lasting friendship between Russia and the United States.

AN AMERICAN IN SEBASTOPOL.—Dr. W. R. Whitehead, an American surgeon in employ of the Russians, writes thus from Sebastopol to Professor Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute:

SEBASTOPOL, Saturday April 14, 1855. I am in the Imperial service of Russia as military physician and surgeon. I am indebted to Prince Gortschakoff for the peculiar advantages that I enjoy as to rank &c.—Superior Physician of a regiment of 5,000 men "Sachli Ordinator"—rank between that of Major and Lieutenant Col. I am at present attached to one of the large hospitals at Sebastopol. After having graduated in medicine at the University of Penn., I left the United States for France. Upon my arrival in Paris I entered immediately upon the practical study of medicine. I remained in Paris about one year and three months; left Paris for Vienna last Fall remained in Vienna three months, and then left for Russia. I have been in Russia four months—one month at Sebastopol.

Sebastopol still remains. The English and French have made no progress yet towards taking it. Since my arrival here several sorties have been effected by the Russians with marked success, though they have always lost a considerable number. The Allies have been bombarding the city for the last five days, and caused a great deal of damage, but it has been dreadfully paid for—the batteries of the Allies are now nearly silent, and those of the Russians stronger than ever.

The Russians are concentrating troops about Sebastopol. Events have proved that the English soldier is much inferior to either the French or Russian, and that with certain exceptions the Russian is as good as the French. Sebastopol will never be taken, it may be blown up by the Russians. I have enjoyed a fine opportunity of performing surgical operations, and must remain at the ambulance to night, because the Russians intend making a sortie. I have very little time at present to write.

With every consideration, &c., Your friend, W. R. Whitehead.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, who is rusticating amid mountain scenery in New England, writes:

"The Bible came on the mountain country. The book of Exodus, which, for poetic sublimity, makes the coloring of the land pale, should be read, if one would get the true commentary on it, as Dr. Robinson read the sublime passage of it, a few years ago, among the cliffs of Horeb over-looking the plateau where the gathered wanderers saw the mountain quake and blaze. 'Job must be studied by imagination that can conjure Idumean landscapes and skies. There are passages in the prophet which no annotations could interpret to men that had lived on prairies all their days. And the Psalms, especially, which are dyed in the spirit of all kinds of scenery, as well as in the most intense and varied experience of the soul—which interweave with their rapturous piety, imagery and colors caught from the pastures of Bethlehem, the forests of Harroth, the caves of Adullam, the wilderness of Eggedi, and the mountain fastnesses of Ziph, cannot yield the riches of inspirations to a formal reading, but must, many of them be studied under influences of nature kindred to those which helped to kindle them, before they will grow, and sing themselves anew. The twenty-third should be read once in sight of the Connecticut meadows; the nineteenth on a hill overlooking a desert; the eighteenth during a thunder shower; the eighth under a sparkling, frosty night sky; the sixty-sixth after a rain that breaks a drought. Then the power of poetry, as well as of piety, that is in them, would be manifest."

A RUSSIAN PRISONER.—An army surgeon writes to the *Kilkenny Moderator*, on the 11th, from before Sebastopol:—"On the 7th, a little hop-o-my-thumb of a soldier made prisoner a Russian officer whom he conducted with much pride to the first parallel, the officer over-topping the little man's musket and bayonet! I asked the Russian if he spoke French, he shook his head and said, 'no speak'; but he exclaimed 'doctor, doctor.' I made signs that I was one, and he then took off his coat, when I found that he had a bullet wound at the back of his neck. He now tried to make himself understood by talking Latin. Pointing to the wound in his neck, he asked 'Mortale est?' When I told

DRY GOODS

Wool Wear.—Cotton, Cotton and Wool, and all Wool Checks for Boys' wear, at June 23 **LANGLEY & NORMAN'S.**

Parasols at 75 cents, just received by June 23 **LANGLEY & NORMAN.**

Drilling.—White Linen Drilling for Boys' Pants, for sale at **LANGLEY & NORMAN'S.**

Buff Linen for Children's wear, at **LANGLEY & NORMAN'S.**

COUNTERPANES
—AND—
WINCHESTER QUILTS.
For sale at **J. H. HAMMOND'S.**

Green Horcon, just received by June 14 **LANGLEY & NORMAN.**

NEW SUMMER GOODS.
WM. C. COZZENS & CO.,
ARE now opening a splendid lot of new goods, selected with great care during the last 10 years from late importations, including DRESS SILKS, SUMMER DRESS GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, SHAWLS, and a general assortment of seasonable goods, making our stock very large and worthy of the attention of purchasers. May 26.

Parasols, just received at **J. H. HAMMETT'S.**

W. M. C. COZZENS & CO. are opening Dress Silks, Embroideries, Lace Gloves.

White Goods.
PLAIN, Plaid, Stripped and Figured Cambrics, Victoria Lons, Swiss and Book Muslin, &c., at **CHAS. W. TURNER'S.**

Children's Cotton Hosiery. at **CHAS. W. TURNER'S.**

Gentlemen's Knit Cotton Socks. at **CHAS. W. TURNER'S.**

Crass Cloth Skirts. at **CHAS. W. TURNER'S.**

Bathing Dresses
OF HAND
AND MADE TO ORDER
AT
JAMES HAMMOND'S.

Bathing Dresses
HATS AND CAPS, AT
JAMES HAMMOND'S.

Parasols and Umbrellas.
F. LAWTON & BROTHERS have just received one case Parasols of the "Princess Eugenie" style—also Silk Umbrellas for Ladies and Gentlemen. May 5

Oil Cloth for Halls.
A NEW and improved pattern of Oil Cloth, six yards wide, opened this day by **F. LAWTON & BROS.**

Gaiters Skirts. at **J. H. HAMMETT'S.**

Bonnet Ribbons. at **J. H. HAMMETT'S.**

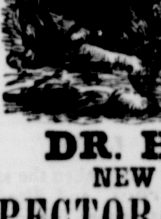
Dry Goods opening at **J. H. HAMMETT'S** consisting of Challis's, Barge de Laines, Lawns, Cambrics, &c., &c.

India Rubber Sponge Bags at **J. H. HAMMETT'S.**

Hosiery and Gloves.—Gents, Ladies, Misses and Boys, Hosiery and Gloves, at **J. H. HAMMETT'S.**

Parasols.
A NEW lot of Parasols just received and for sale at **JAMES HAMMOND'S.**

Medicine.



DR. HOLMES' NEW ENGLAND PECTORAL BALSAM
—OR—
COMPOUND COUGH SYRUP.
FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, PLEURISY, PAIN IN THE SIDE OR CHEST, ASTHMA, BLEEDING FROM THE LUNGS, CONSUMPTION, &c.

THE public are assured that the Pectoral Balsam is all that it purports to be—a *Safe and Reliable Remedy for the above named Diseases.* It has been thoroughly tested in every variety of Throat and Lung Affections for the last 20 years with entire success, and has received the approval of numerous members of the Medical Faculty, Chemists and Apothecaries of the highest standing, and gentlemen of the first respectability.

For further particulars, see bills accompanying the Medicine, which can be obtained of all Druggists in bottles of two sizes. Price 50c. and \$ per bottle.

Sold in Newport by HAZARD & CASWELL, 12 Washington Square, 136 Thames street, 10 Spring street. Also by R. J. TAYLOR, 14 Thames street.

All orders to be addressed to
J. BALCH & SON,
General Wholesale Agents,
Nos. 40, 42, 44 & 46 South Main st.,
sept 16, 1851.—ly Providence, R. I.

DR. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA
—Is at this Season most Invaluable as a Renovator and
PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD.

It not only cures a rich and pure blood, but it will effectually cure all putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, and

KEEP THE BLOOD PURE.

One great recommendation for using this Sarsaparilla is that every bottle of it is manufactured under the direct superintendence of
DR. JAMES R. CHILTON,
the most celebrated Chemist and Physician in this country, and his certificate attached to each bottle guarantees that it is "PURELY VEGETABLE, AND WITHOUT MERCURY."

There has never yet been a medicine presented to the public which has so effectually sustained its character for "Purifying the Blood," as Dr. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA, and the fact that it has entirely superseded all other preparations claiming the properties, alone speaks volumes in its favor.

The Blood is the Life.

Only purify the Blood, and disease must vanish.

Principal Depot, 212 Broadway, New York, and for sale by all respectable Druggists, and Chemists, in the United States.

July 21—Huis

AMIELET.
ONE of the most extraordinary results of Scientific Discovery, warranted to produce the desired results, viz:
To remove the defect of Baldness; to prevent the Hair from falling out and becoming prematurely grey, while at the same time it dissolves the Dead Hair. It is also a most efficacious cure for Rheumatic and Nervous Pains, Sprains and Bruises.

THE AMIELET was invented by the well known Occultist DR. S. M. ELLIOTT, of New York.

Sold by **R. J. TAYLOR,**
July 14, 1851.—ly 102 Thames St.

Extracts.—Lemon, Vanilla, Fine Apple, Orange, Strawberry, Bitter Almond, Rose and Ginger, for sale by **NEWTON BROS.**